



OUTLAWS OF THE WEST

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# OUTLAWS *of the* WEST

10¢

No 13



A CHARLTON PUBLICATION



# OUTLAWS OF THE WEST



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*Pat Masulli* Executive Editor

## A THIRST for GOLD

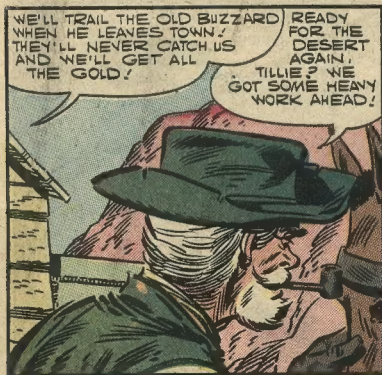
EVERYONE KNEW PIUTE CHARLIE -- THEY'D SEEN HIM DISAPPEARING INTO THE DESERT FOR YEARS, SEARCHING FOR GOLD. BUT THIS TIME CHARLIE LOOKED DIFFERENT... AND HE HAD NUGGETS AND GOLD DUST TO BUY SUPPLIES. HE'D MADE HIS STRIKE AT LAST... AND SOME CITIZENS' INTEREST WASN'T EXACTLY FRIENDLY!



HE'S GOT NUGGETS AN' DUST IN THEM SADDLE POUCHES, FORD! LET'S GET IT!

SLOW DOWN, TANK! HE'S PROBABLY GOT A FORTUNE CACHED OUT IN THE DESERT SOMEWHERE!

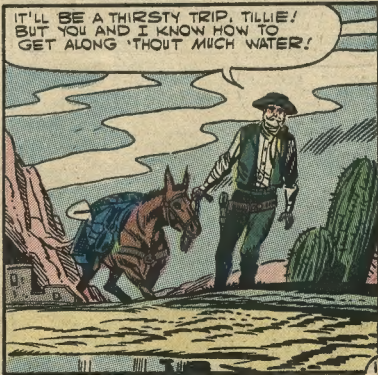
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WE'LL TRAIL THE OLD BUZZARD WHEN HE LEAVES TOWN. THEY'LL NEVER CATCH US AND WE'LL GET ALL THE GOLD!

READY FOR THE DESERT AGAIN, TILLIE?

WE GOT SOME HEAVY WORK AHEAD!



IT'LL BE A THIRSTY TRIP, TILLIE! BUT YOU AND I KNOW HOW TO GET ALONG 'THOUT MUCH WATER!



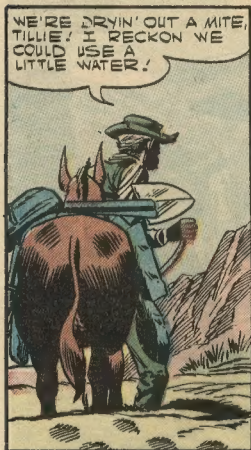
# OUTLAWS OF THE WEST

TANK  
METZGER  
AND FORD  
REPP WERE  
BOTH  
YOUNGER  
THAN  
PIUTE  
CHARLIE.  
BUT  
THEY  
WERE  
SOFT. NOT  
ACCUSTOM-  
ED  
TO  
HARD-  
SHIP...

GO EASY ON THAT WATER! WE'VE  
ONLY GOT TWO CANTEENS APIECE!  
PIUTE CHARLIE'S NOT STOPPIN'  
AT WATERHOLES!



WE'RE DRYIN' OUT A MITE,  
TILLIE! I RECKON WE  
COULD USE A  
LITTLE WATER!



YOU ALWAYS SMELL IT,  
DON'T YOU, TILLIE? THERE'S  
WATER HERE!



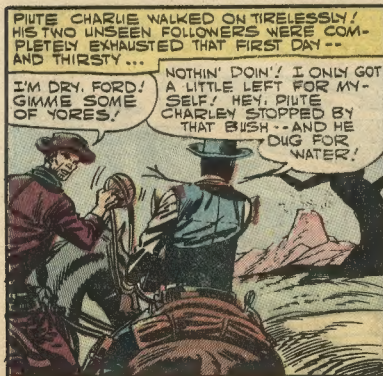
IT'S DIRTY BUT IT WON'T  
HURT NONE, TILLIE!  
KINDA DRY IN THE  
DESERT THIS YEAR!



PIUTE CHARLIE WALKED ON TIRELESSLY!  
HIS TWO UNSEEN FOLLOWERS WERE COM-  
PLETELY EXHAUSTED THAT FIRST DAY--  
AND THIRSTY...

I'M DRY, FORD!  
GIMME SOME  
OF YORES!

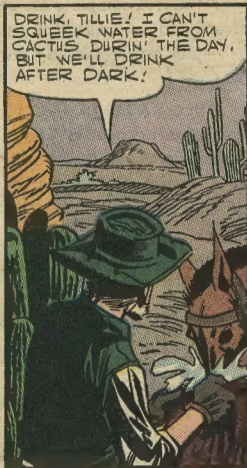
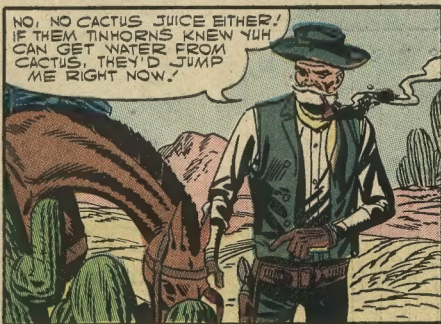
NOTHIN' DOIN'! I ONLY GOT  
A LITTLE LEFT FOR MY-  
SELF! HEY, PIUTE  
CHARLEY STOPPED BY  
THAT BUSH--AND HE  
DUG FOR  
WATER!



HE GOT WATER, ALL RIGHT!  
BUT THERE'S NONE LEFT  
FOR US! WE'RE  
IN TROUBLE,  
TANK!

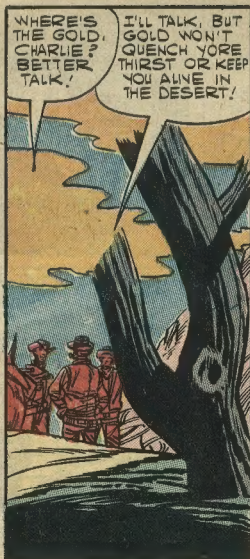


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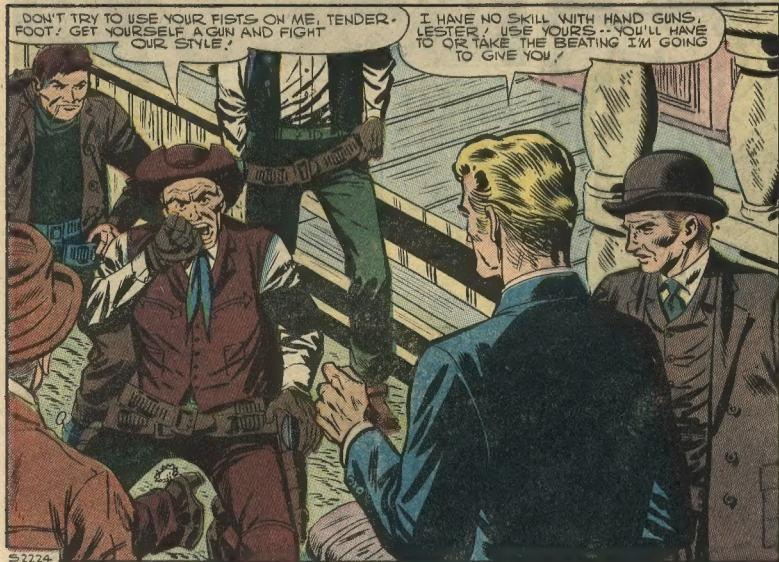




# OUTLAWS OF THE WEST

ARCH LESTER'S FLASHING .45'S AND HIS HIRED GUNSLINGERS HAD THE COUNTRY TERRIFIED! NO MAN DEFIED LESTER OR HIS GANG AND STAYED HEALTHY UNTIL THE MAN CALLED EVERETT JOHNS CAME TO TOWN. THE TOWN WATCHED AND WAITED FOR LESTER TO FINISH OFF THE...

## RENEGADE DUDE



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EVERETT JOHNS DIDN'T WANT TROUBLE WHEN HE ARRIVED IN TOWN! HE TOOK A ROOM, THEN VISITED A LOCAL REAL ESTATE OFFICE...

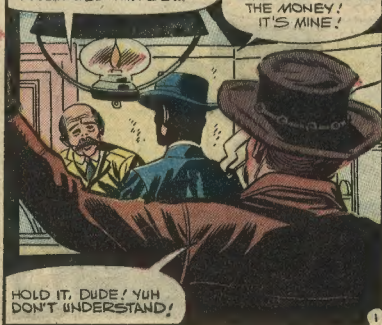
YES, MR. JOHNS! I RECEIVED YOUR LETTER! WE HAVE NO RANCH PROPERTIES FOR SALE EXCEPT THE CARTER PLACE AND THAT'S...

THE CARTER RANCH IS THE PROPERTY I WANT! I HAVE A CERTIFIED CHECK RIGHT HERE!



BUT ARCH LESTER WANTS THAT RANCH! I PROMISED HIM I'D...

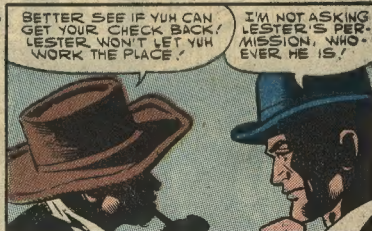
THE PROPERTY IS LISTED FOR SALE AND I HAVE THE MONEY! IT'S MINE!



# OUTLAWS OF THE WEST

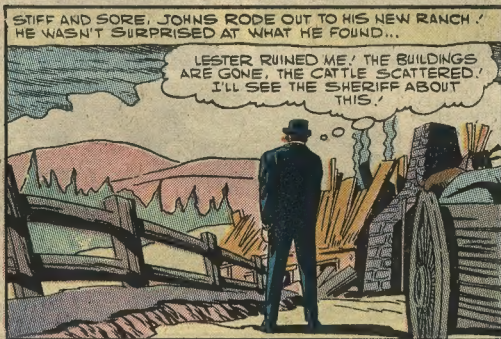
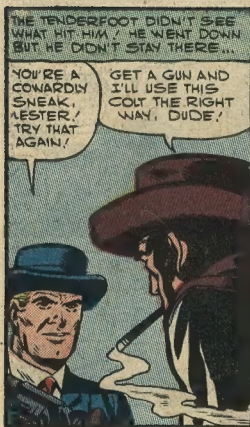


LOCAL CITIZENS KNEW EVERETT JOHNS WAS DOOMED BEFORE THE GUNSLINGER HIT THE FLOOR! JOHNS BOUGHT THE RANCH ... AND GOT A LOT OF ADVICE WITH IT...





# OUTLAWS OF THE WEST



# OUTLAWS OF THE WEST



YOU MEAN YOU WANT  
PEACE AT ANY  
PRICE, DON'T  
YOU, SHERIFF?  
I'LL HANDLE  
LESTER  
MYSELF!

NOW, MR.  
JOHNS,  
THE LAW  
WILL TAKE  
CARE OF  
HIM IN  
TIME!

EVERETT  
JOHNS  
KNEW THE  
SHERIFF  
COULDN'T GET  
WITNESSES  
TO TESTIFY  
AGAINST  
LESTER! HE  
ALSO KNEW  
HE SHOULD  
SELL AND  
LEAVE THE  
COUNTRY!



DON'T SAY WHO  
SOLD YOU THE  
GUN, MR. JOHNS!

I WON'T! LESTER'S  
HAD HIS WAY A LONG  
TIME! NOW, I'M GOING  
TO HAVE SOME FUN!

EVERETT JOHNS WAS GREEN ... BUT HE COULD RIDE A LITTLE  
AND FOLLOW DIRECTIONS! HE FOUND LESTER'S MAIN RANCH.  
AND ...

AMBUSH! HE'S OVER  
IN THAT CLUMP OF ASPENS!  
GO GET HIM!

YOU GET THE DUDE, BOSS!  
HE'S COMIN' CLOSE WITH  
THEM SLUGS!



LESTER'S  
PUNCHERS,  
RIDING  
HERD  
ALONE,  
GOT  
EVERETT'S  
ATTENTION  
TOO ...



AFTER A WEEK, LESTER'S RIDERS BEGAN TO  
QUIT! THEY COULDN'T TAKE THE DUDE'S CON-  
STANT PRESSURE ...

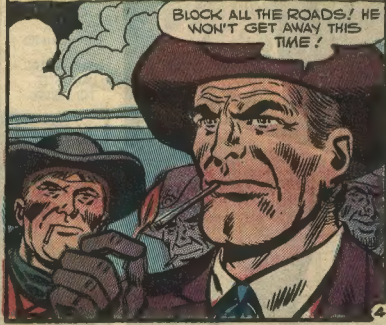
I DON'T WANT A RAISE,  
LESTER! THAT DUDE'S  
OUT TO GET SOMEONE--  
IT WON'T BE ME!

I'LL FIX THE DUDE,  
RIGHT NOW!



LESTER LED HIS GANG INTO TOWN! VOWING TO  
GET RID OF EVERETT JOHNS FOR GOOD ...

BLOCK ALL THE ROADS! HE  
WON'T GET AWAY THIS  
TIME!





# OUTLAWS OF THE WEST

EVERETT JOHNS WASN'T HIDING! NOR DID HE TRY TO RUN...

BETTER HIGHTAIL IT, BOY! LESTER MEANS BUSINESS THIS TIME!

SO DO I!

LESTER HAD THE TOWN SURROUNDED! A FEW OF HIS MEN STAYED CLOSE AS HE APPROACHED THE DUDE...

I BEEN COMBIN' HILLS FOR YUH, JOHNS! YOU'RE WASHED UP THIS TIME! DROP THAT RIFLE!

I'M COCKING THIS RIFLE, LESTER! IF ONE OF YOUR STOOGES SHOTS ME, YOU'LL GET SHOT TOO!

TELL THEM TO DROP THEIR GUNS, LESTER! QUICKLY! YOU CAN USE YOURS IF YOU WANT!

I KNEW YOU WERE A COWARD, LESTER! YOU'RE THE ONE WHO'LL LEAVE TOWN!

HOLD IT, SNAKE! ALL O' YOUR GANG IS COVERED!

LATER...

FER A DUDE, YUH SURE GET ROUGH! AT TIMES! WHERE YUH FROM?

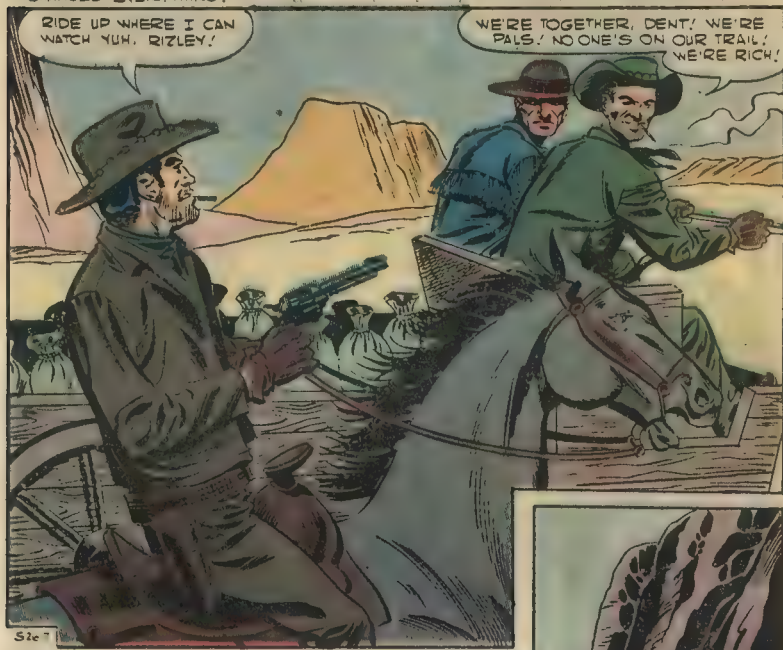
ALL OVER THE WORLD! FUNNY... I FOUGHT IN A DOZEN WARS AND I CAME HERE FIGURING I'D BUY A RANCH AND SETTLE DOWN NICE AND PEACEFUL!

END!

OUTLAWS OF THE WEST

# OUTLAW'S HONOR

THE THREE GUNSLICKS STRUCK HARD AND FAST... WHEN THEY RODE OUT OF TENMILE, THEY HAD MORE THAN FOUR HUNDRED THOUSAND DOLLARS' WORTH OF GOLD AND SILVER ALONG! THE THREE MEN HAD BEEN CLOSE FRIENDS BEFORE... BUT THAT BULLION CHANGED EVERYTHING!



THERE'S A SMALL CAVE BEHIND THAT ROCK, BOYS! I SAY WE HIDE THE STUFF THERE! WE'LL COME BACK TOGETHER SOME OTHER TIME AND SPLIT!

ALL RIGHT! BUT I'LL SHOOT ANYONE WHO TRIES A DOUBLE-CROSS! THAT GOES FOR YOU TOO, APACHE JOHN!





# OUTLAWS OF THE WEST

MEANWHILE, IN TENNILE, SHERIFF ARTIE MASON WAS HURT; HE SENT FOR HIS BROTHER, YOUNG JIM...

YOU TAKE THE BADGE, JIM! REMEMBER, THEY TOOK A LOT OF MONEY! THEY'LL BE AT EACH OTHERS THROATS SOON!

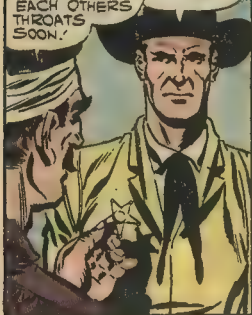
I KNOW THEM! THEY ARE DANGEROUS, BUT THEY'RE DUMB!

JIM MASON DEPUTIZED SIX MEN AND RODE OUT; HE FOLLOWED THE BUCKBOARD TRAIL EASILY...

WE'LL CATCH 'EM RIGHT AWAY IF THEY LEAVE A TRAIL THIS PLAIN!

THEY WON'T! THEY'LL HIDE THE LOOT AND DITCH THE WAGON IF THEY HAVE ANY BRAINS AT ALL!

THERE'S THE WAGON! THEY HID THE GOLD AND SILVER BACK ON THE TRAIL SOMEWHERE! THEY WON'T BE FAR AHEAD!



RIZLEY, WELMAN, AND APACHE JOHN RODE TIRED HORSES! THEY TRIED TO MAKE IT TO THE BORDER BUT JIM MASON'S POSSE WAS TOO NEAR...

THEY CAN ONLY GET AT US FROM THE FRONT HERE! PICK YOUR TARGET! THERE'S ONLY SIX OF THEM!

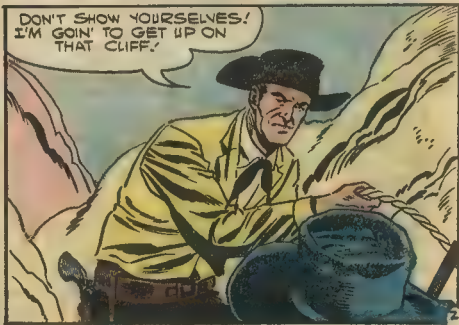


WINGED 'IM! LET'S SEE YOU MATCH THAT SHOT, PAL!

KRAK!



DON'T SHOW YOURSELVES! I'M GOIN' TO GET UP ON THAT CLIFF!



# OUTLAWS OF THE WEST

JIM MASON CIRCLED AROUND-- HE THREW HIS LARIAT AROUND A CACTUS PLANT AND STARTED DOWN...

I'M COOKED IF I DON'T LAND RIGHT ON RIZLEY! HERE GOES!



IT'S THE SHERIFF'S BROTHER... OH H H!



DENT WELMAN KNEW HE WAS LICKED! JIM MASON DISARMED THEM, THEN CALLED IN THE POSSE...

WHERE'S THE BULLION, RIZLEY? THE JUDGE'LL GO EASY IF YUH COOPERATE!

WE'RE ALL FIRST OFFENDERS, MASON! WE WON'T BE IN PRISON LONG!



WE'LL ALL GET OUT ABOUT THE SAME TIME! WE'LL BE RICH THEN, BOYS! WE'LL ALL MEET HERE FIVE YEARS FROM NOW! AGREED?

I SWEAR IT! NONE OF US'LL GO TO THE CACHE WITHOUT THE OTHER TWO BEING THERE!



IT'S A DEAL! WE'LL MEET HERE IN FIVE YEARS! THE LAW WON'T BE ABLE TO DO ANYTHING UNLESS THEY CATCH US WITH THE BULLION!





# OUTLAWS OF THE WEST

JIM MASON SPOKE TO THE JUDGE! THE THREE GOT THREE YEARS APEACE FOR THEIR CRIME... EACH TO SERVE AT A DIFFERENT PRISON...

WHY KEEP THEM SEPARATED, JIM?

THEY'D KILL EACH OTHER FOR THAT BULLION, JUDGE! I AM TUH PRE-VENT IT!



THREE AND A HALF YEARS PASSED! SIME RIZLEY WAS THE FIRST TO SHOW UP...

HELLO, RIZLEY! CAME BACK FOR THE BULLION, EH? FORGET IT-- GO STRAIGHT!

I DON'T KNOW WHAT YUH MEAN, MASON! LET ME ALONE!



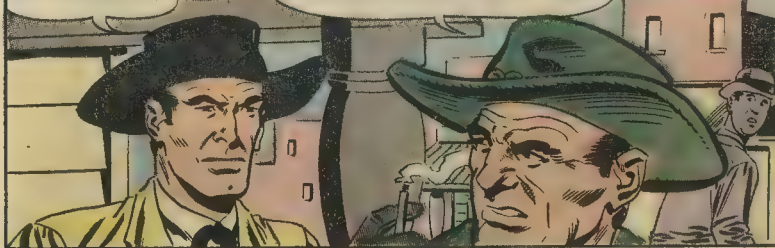
YOU WERE THE SMART ONE OF THE GANG! YOU GOT OUT ON GOOD BE-HAVIOR, EH?

LAY OFF, MASON! I'M ONLY WARNIN' YUH ONCE!



GIVE IT UP, RIZLEY! I'LL TRAIL YUH IF YOU GO FOR THE GOLD!

BLAST IT, MASON, YUH'LL BE SORRY! I'LL WAIT FOR APACHE JOHN AND DENT WELMAN THEN!



RIZLEY WORKED AS A SWAMPER AROUND TOWN FOR THREE MONTHS BEFORE DENT WELMAN SHOWED UP! APACHE JOHN ARRIVED A DAY LATER...

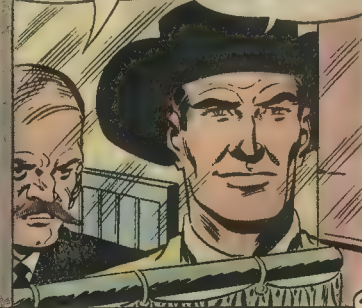
THIS IS A SURPRISE! I THOUGHT...

YOU THOUGHT ONE OF US WOULD DOUBLE-CROSS YUH, APACHE JOHN? NOPE, I WAITED! WE'LL RIDE OUT TO-GETHER! IF JIM MASON GETS IN THE WAY...



THERE THEY GO, JIM! SHOULDN'T YOU FOLLOW THEM?

I'LL BE AROUND WHEN THEY GET THERE! I WANT TO SEE THE FUN!



# OUTLAWS OF THE WEST

THE TRIO FOUND THE CAVE EASILY! APACHE JOHN ACTED AS LOOK-OUT AS SIME RIZLEY REACHED INSIDE...

HERE WE... IT'S GONE! DON'T ACCUSE YOU GOT IT, DENT!  
DENT!  
ME. DOUBLE-CROSSER!



YUH PLAYED IT CUTE, WELMAN!

YOU ARE THIEF, RIZLEY! YOU...



HOLD IT, INJUN! THERE'S BEEN ENOUGH SHOOTIN'!



I SAID ENOUGH SHOOTIN'!



LATER, IN THE BIG CELL THAT LOOKED MORE LIKE A HOSPITAL...

THEY WOULD'VE KILLED EACH OTHER IF YOU WEREN'T THERE, JIM!

YEAH--AN! THEY WERE SUPPOSED TO BE FRIENDS!



I GOT A LAUGH THAT DAY YEARS AGO WHEN YOU THREE SWORE YOU'D PLAY SQUARE WITH EACH OTHER! I BACKTRAILED AN' FOUND THE LOOT-- THEN I WAITED FOR YOU THREE TO RETURN!



END



# FLAMING ARROWS

## BACKFIRE

General Howard Dana was a very puzzled officer. Seated in the officers' room of Fort Winston, he presented the problem to his staff. There was no excitement in his voice in spite of the grave problem.

"The southern route is the best and safest way for the wagon trains to go. If they take the northern route they will have to hew a path up the mountains. How are they going to get the wagons and animals down? Only by lowering them with ropes. The added time taken will trap many parties here when winter comes. And we will be unable to rescue them."

Major Louis Pickett well knew the thought that was in every officer's mind. He waited until his commanding officer had finished speaking. Then he came to the point of the meeting.

"The last three wagon trains to take the southern route were attacked by mysterious flaming arrows. Offhand it would be very simple to blame the Indians for these attacks. There is only one trouble with that theory. What have they to gain by such a stand? Definitely they must know that we are capable of sending out a well armed force to retaliate."

"Provided you can find them," interrupted Captain Albert Jones. "For the past two weeks we have had our scouts out looking for Chief Red Hawk and his men. Either they are hiding or they have gone southward. This much we can safely conclude right here. That the net effect of those attacks have been to make the wagon train leaders decide to take the northern route."

A sentry entered the room and saluted. He had an important message to deliver. Orders had been given to him to interrupt the meeting if necessary.

"The Prince Albert Kid is here, sir. With him were half a dozen Indians. They are encamped outside the walls of the fort."

"Bring him in at once," replied General Howard Dana. "I never figured Washington would give me such quick results. The War De-

partment must figure that our situation is very important to merit the sending of their top man here."

A few minutes later the famous man of the West entered the officers' room. As he walked in every eye was on him. He wore a long Prince Albert coat. From his hips swung his two pearl handled Colt's .45. As a sign of respect the officers all rose from their chairs to greet him.

"It has been a long time since we met," said General Howard Dana. "The matter is urgent. Major Pickett will show you some of the arrows we recovered from the last attack on a wagon train."

Major Pickett went with the Prince Albert Kid to a store room. On a table were four arrows. They were exceedingly long. The famous man of the West took them in his hands. He balanced each arrow carefully. Then he started to leave the store room.

"Chief White Feather and some of his braves are with me. I will show him these arrows. Never saw Indian arrows as long as these nor as well constructed."

The two went outside the fort where the redskins were waiting. The law man handed the Indian chief the arrows.

"They aren't the kind of arrows used by the Apache, Cheyene, Iowa, Sioux, or Mandan," he told the chief. "Could you shoot them from your bow?"

As to reply to that question, the Indian chief went to his horse. All the Indians were armed with army rifles and revolvers. However the chief carried with him a quiver of arrows and his bow. He drew back the leather string and tried his best to fit the arrow to the bow. Then he handed both to the Prince Albert Kid who also tried to fit the arrow.

"You would actually need an English longbow to shoot this kind of arrow," he told Major Pickett. "Your range with the English longbow is from 600 to 800 yards. A man armed with such a bow could do real destruc-

tion to any wagon train. He would be out of the effective rifle fire of the average man. If he were behind the setting sun he could pour deadly fire arrows and not be seen. I think this is the probable way in which it is being done. But why is another question that has to be answered."

For the next week the Prince Albert Kid and his Indian friends were busy building English longbows. In addition they constructed the special arrows needed. At the same time, wagons were assembling for the next trip to the coast. General Howard Dana presented the situation to Angus Burell, leader of the wagon train.

"By a democratic vote of the people, you have been chosen leader of the wagon train. You have a grave responsibility on your hands. If you take the northern route you may be trapped by the winter snows. You will be unable to hunt for game and probably run out of food. If you take the southern route there is the definite chance of facing an attack of flaming arrows. However I will send with you as an escort, Major Pickett and thirty soldiers. In addition there will be the Prince Albert Kid and his Indian scouts."

"There isn't a man of us who hasn't heard tales about the deeds of that famous man of the West," quickly replied Angus Burell. "We will take the southern route and be prepared for whatever might happen in the way of a fight."

Early the next morning, the wagon train left Fort Winson. Most of the wagons were drawn by oxen and the pace was slow. Since time was important it was decided to stop only for one major meal and then make camp. They would eat a hearty breakfast but the noon meal would have to be eaten while traveling. The weather was good. On the fifth day they approached the hilly country to the north.

"This is the danger area," warned the Prince Albert Kid. "You will camp here. Wet down the canvas tops of your wagons. Have open water barrels and fill your buckets to the top. We are going to fight fire with fire."

As the sun began to set, there was a tenseness in the air. Chief White Feather and his braves were all armed with the longbows. They had a good supply of arrows. Each was wrapped in a cloth dipped in oil. A small concealed fire was burning. Suddenly there was a shout from one of the men.

"Burning arrow in the sky."

It just fell short of its mark. A second one followed and hit a wagon. Buckets of water were thrown quickly over the canvas and no damage was done.

"Now," ordered the Prince Albert Kid.

The Indians started to fire their own arrows in the same direction from which the flaming arrows had come. With his special night spy glass, Major Pickett watched carefully.

"Third hill to the right! There are figures moving there."

The soldiers quickly mounted their horses and rode to the hills following the Prince Albert Kid. The Indian braves fired the flaming arrows over their heads. When they reached the hills there was utter confusion. Redskins and a few white men were running in all directions. They attempted to fight back but were quickly subdued. Then they were rounded up and brought to the wagon train. Chief Red Hawk, twenty of his braves and three white men made up the list of the prisoners.

Chief White Feather talked to Chief Red Hawk and then reported the result to Major Pickett.

"He says the white men told him the people from the wagon trains would take away all his land and kill the men in his village. He had to fight to defend himself. The white men showed him powerful bows. No Indian ever had such a bow."

"We will go back to the fort with our prisoners," said Major Pickett to Angus Burell. "The danger is over now for the wagon trains. You go on your way and good luck to all of you."

At the fort, the three white prisoners refused to talk. Chief Red Hawk was permitted to return to his village under escort. There the situation was explained to the Indians. They were all safe. The possession of their lands had been guaranteed to them by the treaty of 1857 and the White Father in Washington would keep his word. The possessions of the prisoners were turned over to the authorities. The Prince Albert Kid made his report.

"Guess you can say the flaming arrows back-fired. The leader is Bill Bass. The other two are Jim Sonen and Ed Waller. They had samples of rocks in their pouches. There's gold in the hills. That answers everything. They wanted to keep the wagon trains away. They figured to double-cross the Indians. They would be blamed for the attacks and forced to go elsewhere. Then they would stake their claims. So now the wagon trains go through; the Indians remain there; the gold belongs to them; and our three prisoners will take a nice trip to a federal penitentiary after a short trial. Bill Bass had been to England and learned about the longbow. He brought several with him back to the States."



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OUTLAWS OF THE WEST

# OWLHOOT JURY

JIM MOLLOY WAS IN A TOWN FILLED WITH OWLHOOTERS, IT SEEMED. THE MARSHAL WHO ARRESTED HIM WAS WANTED FOR ROBBERY... THE JUDGE WHO SAT ON THE BENCH WAS A NOTORIOUS GUNMAN, AND REB RIDLEY HAD EVEN FILED THE JURY BOX WITH MEMBERS OF HIS GANG. JUDGE, JURY, AND WITNESSES WERE READY TO LIE HIM STRAIGHT TO THE SCAFFOLD...



YUH SHOT JAKE VESEY, DIDN'T YUH, MOLLOY?

SURE... BUT HE SHOT AT ME FIRST! THIS IS A FARCE, RIDLEY! THAT GUNSLINGER IS NO JUDGE AND YOU'RE NO DISTRICT ATTORNEY.

SHUT UP, MOLLOY! GO AHEAD, BOSS. TELL US MORE ABOUT MOLLOY.

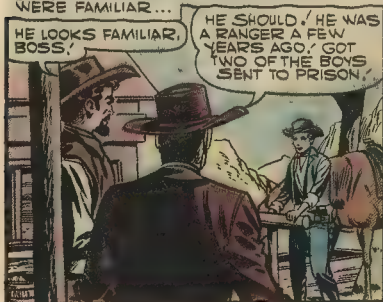
MASTRO SERIO

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JIM MOLLOY HAD NEVER BEEN IN TAPROCK BEFORE... BUT SOME FACES HE SAW WERE FAMILIAR...

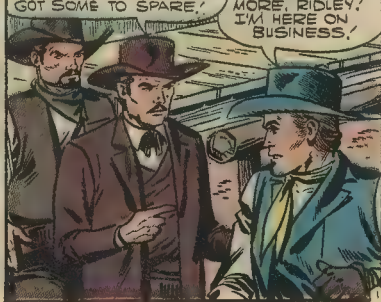
HE LOOKS FAMILIAR, BOSS.

HE SHOULD. HE WAS A RANGER A FEW YEARS AGO. GOT TWO OF THE BOYS SENT TO PRISON.



IF YUH'RE LOOKIN' FOR TROUBLE, RANGER, WE GOT SOME TO SPARE.

I'M NOT WEARIN' THE BADGE ANY MORE, RIDLEY. I'M HERE ON BUSINESS.





# OUTLAWS OF THE WEST



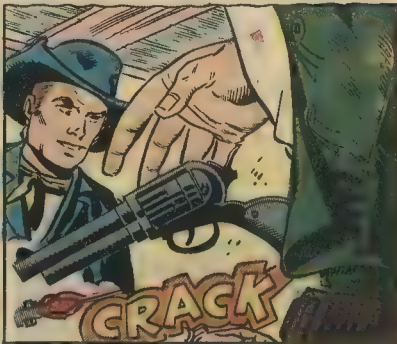
MOLLOY STABLED HIS HORSE AND THEN HEADED FOR THE HOTEL, AT THE BAR OFF THE LOBBY, HE ASKED ABOUT RIDLEY...



# OUTLAWS OF THE WEST

MOLLOY FELT SICK AS HE TURNED. HE KNEW VESEY WAS GOOD WITH A GUN, BUT JAKE GOT THE FIRST SHOT IN AND...

...NEVER GOT A SECOND CHANCE ...



YOU'RE LUCKY, MISTER!  
FAST TOO.

WHAT HAPPENED...  
JAKE VESEY,  
YOU'LL PAY FOR  
THIS, MOLLOY.

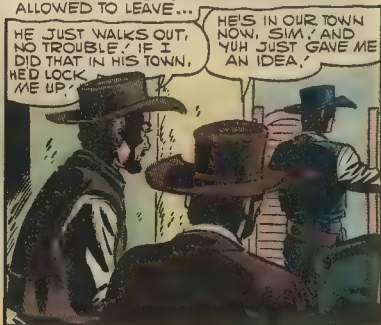
HE DREW  
FIRST,  
RIDLEY. BUT I'M  
READY...



BUT JEB RIDLEY WASN'T READY FOR A SHOWDOWN THEN. JIM MOLLOY WAS ALLOWED TO LEAVE...

HE JUST WALKS OUT,  
NO TROUBLE. IF I  
DID THAT IN HIS TOWN,  
HE'D LOCK  
ME UP.

HE'S IN OUR TOWN  
NOW, SIM, AND  
YUH JUST GAVE ME  
AN IDEA.



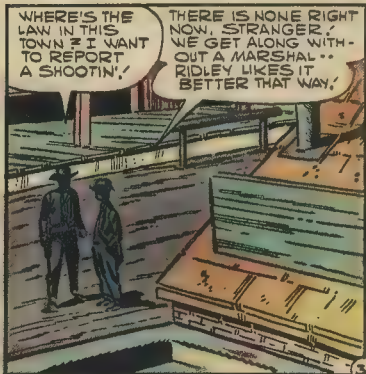
WE'LL JUG HIM. WE'VE GOT NO  
MARSHAL--WE'LL MAKE SHORTY  
MARSHAL. I'LL BE THE D.A.,  
YOU CAN BE THE JUDGE.

ME A  
JUDGE?  
HEY, THAT'S  
A GOOD  
IDEA.



WHERE'S THE  
LAW IN THIS  
TOWN? I WANT  
TO REPORT  
A SHOOTIN'.

THERE IS NONE RIGHT  
NOW, STRANGER.  
WE GET ALONG WITH-  
OUT A MARSHAL--  
RIDLEY LIKES IT  
BETTER THAT WAY.





# OUTLAWS OF THE WEST

JIM WAS SOUND ASLEEP WHEN RIDLEY WENT INTO ACTION...

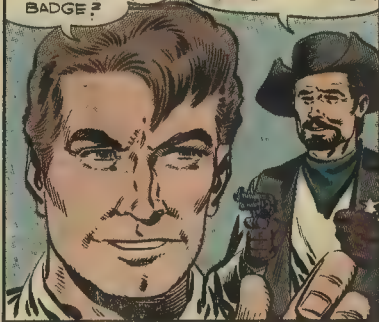
WAKE UP, MOLLOY!  
AN' DON'T REACH  
FOR A GUN!

YOU'RE UNDER ARREST  
FOR SHOOTIN' JAKE  
VESEY, MOLLOY!  
PUT YORE BOOTS  
ON!



YOU'RE WANTED IN  
SIX STATES--AND  
YOU WEAR A  
BADGE?

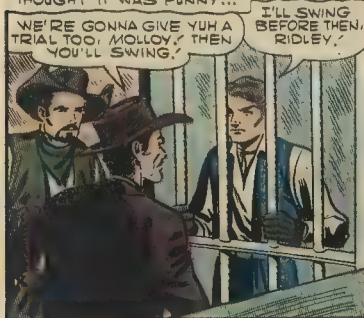
YEP--IT FEELS GOOD  
TOO! MEBBE I'LL  
MAKE IT A CAREER!



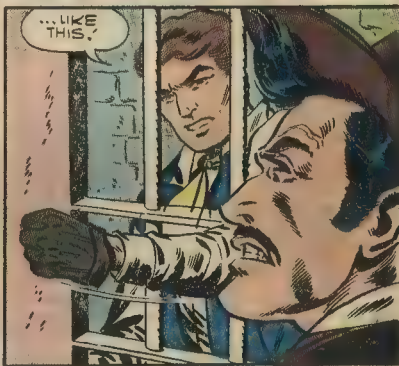
RIDLEY HAD THE KEYS TO THE MARSHAL'S  
OFFICE AND JAIL! HE AND HIS CREW  
THOUGHT IT WAS FUNNY...

WE'RE GONNA GIVE YUH A  
TRIAL TOO, MOLLOY! THEN  
YOU'LL SWING.

I'LL SWING  
BEFORE THEN,  
RIDLEY.



...LIKE  
THIS.

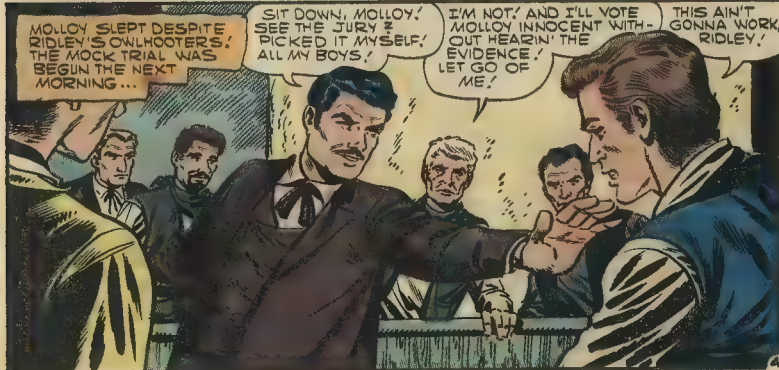


MOLLOY SLEPT DESPITE  
RIDLEY'S OWLHOOTERS.  
THE MOCK TRIAL WAS  
BEGIN THE NEXT  
MORNING...

SIT DOWN, MOLLOY!  
SEE THE JURY?  
I PICKED IT MYSELF!  
ALL MY BOYS!

I'M NOT! AND I'LL VOTE  
MOLLOY INNOCENT WITH-  
OUT HEARIN' THE  
EVIDENCE!  
LET GO OF  
ME!

THIS AIN'T  
GONNA WORK,  
RIDLEY!



# OUTLAWS OF THE WEST

RIDLEY KNEW HIS OUTLAWS HAD THE PEOPLE COWED... BUT HE SENSED AN UNREST, GROWING TENSION, TOWNSMEN DIDN'T LIKE THEM MAKING MOCK OF THEIR COURT...



'... GUILTY AS SIN AND I SAY HE'LL HANG.'

'THIS IS WRONG! ARE WE JUST GONNA SIT HERE?'

TURN HIM LOOSE, RIDLEY! HE'S INNOCENT!

SIT DOWN, YUH FOOL! MY MEN WILL CLEAN YOU ALL OUT!



BUT MOLLOY KNEW THEY WOULDN'T TAKE RIDLEY'S ARROGANT DISREGARD OF THEIR LAWS MUCH LONGER. HE MADE THE FIRST MOVE... THEY FOLLOWED...



IT'S OUR TURN, RIDLEY.'

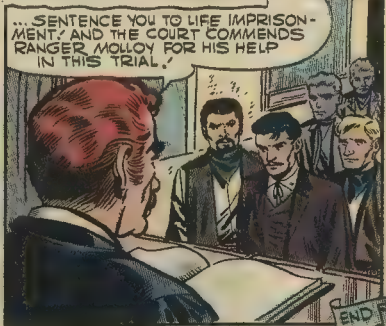
WATCH HIM, REB! THEY'RE GONNA... LEGGO MY ARM.'

WE'LL HAVE THE RIGHT KIND OF JUDGE OR NONE AT ALL.'



THIS IS THE KIND OF LAW YOU UNDERSTAND, RIDLEY.'

RIDLEY'S GANG WAS SMASHED! AND IT WAS A DIFFERENT KIND OF TRIAL THAT ENDED THEIR OUTLAW CAREERS...



'... SENTENCE YOU TO LIFE IMPRISONMENT, AND THE COURT COMMENDS RANGER MOLLOY FOR HIS HELP IN THIS TRIAL.'

END



OUTLAWS OF THE WEST

# THE MAN WHO WANTED WAR



**HORDES OF INDIANS, FEROCIOUS IN THEIR WAR PAINTS AND GIVING VENT TO SPINE-CHILLING BATTLE CRIES, AS THEY COMMIT THEMSELVES TO A FUTILE WAR THAT CAN END ONLY IN DISASTER.**

S 2028

... IS THE EVIL DREAM  
OF **PHIL BAXTER!**

I'LL UNLOAD THESE RIFLES  
YET, I'LL MAKE THE  
INJUNS CUSS OUT THE DAY  
THEY EVER SIGNED THAT  
PEACE TREATY! I'LL WHIP  
A WAR THAT'LL...

ALL THE MEN  
ARE HERE,  
BOSS!  
YOU READY  
TO GIVE  
'EM THE  
LOWDOWN?

LATER...

... THAT'S HOW WE'LL SWING  
IT, MEN! DO JUST LIKE I  
TOLD YOU AND WE'LL GET  
TOP PRICES FOR THESE  
RIFLES!



# OUTLAWS OF THE WEST

THE NEXT DAY, ON HIGH  
GROUND ABOVE A REMOTE  
TRAIL --

BEEN WAITING A LONG  
SPELL ! BUT **WHAT** WE'RE  
WAITING FOR, HASN'T COME  
ALONG YET !



**SUDDENLY ...**

THERE'S ONE NOW !  
AN **INJUN** ... ALL BY  
HIS LONESOME !



THE BOSS IS SIGNALIN' !  
EVERYBODY SET ... ?



AT HIM, MEN !  
ROUGH HIM  
UP, BUT GOOD !



THAT INJUN DOESN'T  
KNOW WHAT HIT HIM !  
HERE'S WHERE I MAKE  
MY PLAY !



STAND BACK FROM  
THAT BRAVE, YOU  
VARMINTS ! OR  
I'LL SQUEEZE TRIG-  
GER AT MORE THAN  
AIR !





# OUTLAWS OF THE WEST



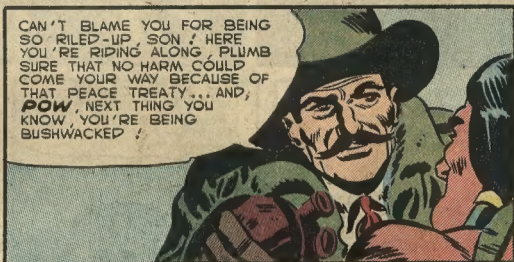
YOU HEARD ME !  
VAMOOSE !

MAKE TRACKS, MEN !  
THAT INJUN LOVER  
MEANS BUSINESS !

YOU HURT BAD, SON ? YOU'RE LUCKY  
I WAS JUST RIDING BY ! IF NOT FOR  
ME, YOU'D HAVE BEEN A GONER !



CAN'T BLAME YOU FOR BEING  
SO RILED-UP, SON ! HERE  
YOU'RE RIDING ALONG, PLUMB  
SURE THAT NO HARM COULD  
COME YOUR WAY BECAUSE OF  
THAT PEACE TREATY... AND,  
**POW**, NEXT THING YOU  
KNOW, YOU'RE BEING  
BUSHWACKED !



JUST GOES TO SHOW  
HOW PLUMB FOOLISH  
YOUR TRIBE **WAS** EVER TO SIGN THAT  
TREATY DOESN'T IT ? AND HOW THE  
SETTLERS HEREABOUTS **NEVER** FOR A  
MINUTE MEANT TO RE-  
SPECT THAT TREATY..  
DOESN'T IT ?



...BUT **I'M** YOUR FRIEND ! GO TELL YOUR  
CHIEF WHAT JUST HAPPENED HERE ! TELL  
HIM TO MEET ME HERE TO-NIGHT ! TELL  
HIM I'LL HAVE ENOUGH RIFLES HERE FOR  
HIM TO BE ABLE TO SHOW THOSE  
SETTLERS THAT **TWO** CAN PLAY  
THE GAME OF **TREATY-BREAKING** !



# OUTLAWS OF THE WEST

HE FELL FOR IT !



LATER ....

THAT INJUN COULDN'T HAVE BEEN HOODWINKED BETTER ! ALL THAT'S LEFT NOW IS TO HAND OVER THOSE RIFLES TONIGHT ... !



...AND SOON WE'LL HAVE A MAN-SIZED WAR HERE-ABOUTS WITH **US** SELLING RIFLES TO BOTH SIDES AT TOP PRICES !



A SHORT TIME LATER --

THAT NIGHT, OUT AT THE REMOTE TRAIL --

YOU PLUMB SURE WE HOODWINKED THAT INJUN, BOSS ? WHY HASN'T HE SHOWED UP YET WITH THE CHIEF !



SHHHHH !



... YOU HAVE PROVED YOURSELF TO BE OUR FRIEND ! BUT MY HEART IS FILLED WITH SADNESS AT THE WAR THAT WILL COME NOW ! MANY BRAVE MEN ON BOTH SIDES WILL SUFFER !

SO WHAT, CHIEF ? **YOU** DIDN'T BREAK THE TREATY FIRST ! **THEY** DID ! AND IF YOU DON'T ATTACK **NOW**, I MIGHT NOT BE AROUND LATER TO SUPPLY YOU WITH RIFLES !





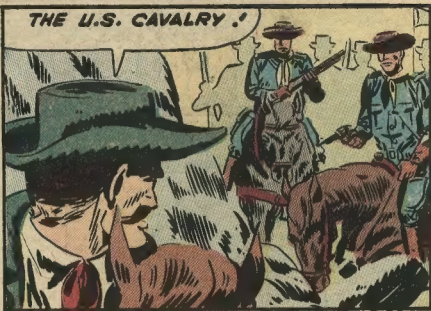
# OUTLAWS OF THE WEST

I'M NOT GOING TO GIVE YOU LONG TO THINK IT OVER, CHIEF. I'VE SAID MY PIECE ...!

YOU SURE HAVE, BAXTER.!



THE U.S. CAVALRY.!



WARRIORS. SEIZE THEM.!



YOU INJUNS DESERVE EVERYTHING COMING TO YOU. ESPECIALLY THAT TWO FACED BRAVE WHO PAID ME BACK FOR SAVING HIM BY ...

YOU'RE RIGHT, BAXTER. HE IS TWO FACED.!



MEET **LT. PRESCOTT** OF THE U.S. CAVALRY WHO WAS RETURNING TODAY STILL IN **DISGUISE** FROM A SCOUTING MISSION UP NORTH.!

YOU PICKED ON THE WRONG "INDIAN" BAXTER. I SAW RIGHT THROUGH THAT PHONEY ASSAULT. I MADE OUT I WAS GOING ALONG WITH YOU SO WE COULD GET CONCRETE EVIDENCE TONIGHT TO TRY YOU FOR **TREASON**!



THE CHIEF WAS GLAD TO CO-OPERATE. HE AND HIS TRIBE MEAN TO **STAND BY** THAT TREATY. THEY WANT TO LIVE AT PEACE ... AND WITH YOU AND YOUR ROTTEN GANG OUT OF THE WAY, THEY'LL BE ABLE TO.!



THE END

